

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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"DO you mean you're not going to camp this summer, Beth? It's a shame!" protested Ula Stevens as she locked her arm confidently in Beth's, and, together, the two girls tripped down the narrow white pavement which barred the green campus like a tennis tape across the court.

Behind them was Pendleton High School with its silent class rooms, lecture rooms, gymnasium and laboratory. Before them was the long radiant summer; yet its golden days would be far too short to hold the dreams and plans of two fifteen-year-old girls.

"Father can not afford to send me this year," Beth was saying quietly. "He has had another attack of asthma and the doctor wants him to try living up in the deep pine woods of Maine. Uncle Ned has a cabin in the woods which he uses in the hunting season; he has offered it to father and is going to stay with him through the season. Mother and I will keep 'Riverview' open and take boarders."

"Boarders!" cried Ula disgustedly. "Your lovely colonial home open to the public! Curious fingers touching your beautiful old-fashioned things, asking foolish questions, and taking all sorts of liberties just because they are paying board. I wouldn't allow it."

"But why not?" asked Beth innocently. "We have broad green fields, a nice big barn for the children to play in and I know everyone will just be delighted with it. Every room has a beautiful view; the front ones overlook the river, but the back ones are my favorite, for from those one can watch the lights and shadows play on Picture Lake."

"Uncle Ned has given me a canoe and I'm going to give lessons in paddling."

"Yes, I heard about your winning the hurry-scurry race and the rescue race last summer; and, too, you had the name of being the fastest swimmer in camp. There must some way open for you to go this year," insisted Ula.

Camp Bethulara

By Marion Cushman Flagg



"It's gone over," announced Ula in a matter-of-fact way.

"The way has opened for an adventure right here at Riverview and I'm counting on you to come over every day and see how my pupils are progressing — or, perhaps, I shouldn't be counting my chickens before they are hatched —" Beth added with a twinkle in her eye.

"You certainly take it cheerfully," observed Ula. "I should be sore with disappointment."

"Don't forget your promise," Beth called back merrily as the two girls parted at the fork of the road. "You're coming to be my aide-de-camp."

Beth's mother was not in her accustomed place in the sitting-room when she entered the house; a voice called from the kitchen.

"Is that you, Beth?"

Beth hurried to the kitchen to find her mother taking some crisp, brown patties from the oven; four baskets of luscious strawberries were on the table. Beth went to work removing their fresh green hulls.

"Creamed fish in patty shells, and strawberry shortcake! My favorite supper! But why such a feast tonight, Mother?" asked Beth. "Are you practicing up beforehand?"

"I am so glad you came home on time,"

explained her mother. "I've just received a telegram from the Millbank family of New York that they are coming tonight; it is very hot in the city and so they have changed their plans, decided to come immediately and take advantage of our country air."

"How many are there in the Millbank family?" asked Beth earnestly as she robbed the last red strawberry of its green-frilled hull.

"There are Mr. and Mrs. Millbank and a daughter, Ray, about your age."

"I do hope they will like Riverview," observed Beth; "and I can't wait to take Ray out in my canoe, 'Teck-ee-mash-ee'!"

Supper was a great success. "That strawberry shortcake would have been worth coming

away from New York for," Beth told her mother while they were doing the dishes together; "yes, way from New York, even if we had no green fields, Sandy River or Picture Lake." "Or 'Teck-ee-mash-ee,'" added her mother, mischievously.

Beth, looking out of the window, saw Ray Millbank strolling along the shore of Picture Lake; she walked with a strong confident step, a girl to whom new scenes and ventures were as common as dishes and soapsuds to Beth Newton.

The long graceful form of "Teck-ee-mash-ee" lay hauled up on the white pebbles. Ray Millbank looked it over as unfeelingly as though it were a piece of driftwood; and then, unmindful of its watchful, loving captain, she stepped one foot over its edge and planted a high heel on its finely matched planking.

This audacity horrified Beth. "Mother," she cried, "I never step in 'Teck-ee-mash-ee' when she is hauled up on shore."

"She does not understand about canoes, probably," replied her mother quietly. "Hang up the towels now. I will finish the dishes and you may run down and see if Ray would not like a paddle before dusk."

The safety of her beloved "Teck-ee-

mash-ee" was uppermost in Beth's mind as she hurried down to the shore.

"I thought you might like to go out paddling on the lake before it grows dark," she said, as she approached Ray with an air of self-protecting reserve.

Ray Millbank, accustomed as she was to high-powered motors, looked down at the frail craft with ill-concealed contempt.

"Do you swim?" asked Beth.

"Not much," replied Ray; "but I run Father's big car," she added convincingly.

"Less water in the wake of the big car," Beth answered, smiling. "How would you like to come out in the canoe with me tonight?"

"It looks as though a child could manage that craft. I am sure I can paddle it alone if you show me once." Ray answered haughtily.

Beth, ignoring this assertion, fixed a place in the bow of "Teck-ee-mash-ee" for Ray, taught her how to start her paddle out from the side of the canoe and pull straight back, and suggested that she hum some well-marked tune to help keep her strokes in rhythm. She explained how to start her stroke closer to the boat if she wished to force the canoe to the opposite side from which she was paddling, and to start the stroke well out from the canoe if she wished to bring it to the side on which she was paddling.

"Tomorrow," announced Beth, "you may sit in the stern, the captain's place; after you have learned to swim you will be ready to sit in the middle and manage the craft all by yourself," she continued, graciously, as the canoe slid up to the low dock in the soft, colorful shadows of a late evening.

Ray Millbank had not been used to learning things by steps; she had seized life by leaps and bounds and always kept the bow of her young life headed straight in the current of gay pleasures and new adventures.

The next morning Beth got up an hour earlier than her accustomed time. Her mother was going to make chocolate doughnuts for breakfast and Beth promised to be on hand.

"How beautiful Picture Lake is so early in the morning!" she thought as she lifted the curtain. "Why does anyone ever miss these wonderful morning colors?"

Velvety clouds, radiating glowing colors, were piled high in the east. Beth knew Picture Lake; although it lay so calm and peaceful now, in a few hours white caps, like birds resting from flight, would light upon its countless waves.

Beth could see what seemed a speck far out on the lake. "What can it be?" she said aloud to herself. "No one goes out on the lake so early in the morning." Taking from the case a pair of binoculars and holding them to her eyes she

could plainly see a canoe with a girl sitting in the middle, shifting a paddle awkwardly from one side to the other — Ray Millbank — her closely bobbed head moving back and forth with every shift of the paddle. Her beloved "Teck-ee-mash-ee" in the hands of a novice and she responsible! Beth hurried down over the stairs, reaching the back door just as Ula Stevens was coming in, bringing some fresh cream for their breakfast.

"Ula! Ula!" cried Beth, "Come with me. I'm so glad it's you. Ray Millbank just came from New York yesterday. This morning she has stolen out, taken my canoe, and is now out in the middle of the lake."

"Does she know how to swim?" asked Ula.

"That's the worst of it," replied Beth. "She's as much at home on the water as a gold fish in a sand pile."

By the time the girls reached the shore the wind was blowing briskly; they could see Ray's wavering, futile strokes becoming more and more useless against it.

"We must be ready for an emergency, I know," said Beth, thinking quickly. "There's a small rowboat up in the shed; we can drag it to the shore and be ready for the rescue. With some difficulty the girls got the rowboat in the water. "It leaks like a sieve," explained Beth. "Uncle Ned dragged it up there to mend." The girls worked diligently; the rosy clouds of the morning were now dark and sullen; the waves answered their mood, tossing the light craft cruelly.

"It's gone over," announced Ula in a mater-of-fact way, as though the expected must happen.

Beth pulled harder at the oars while Ula bailed the boat.

Ray was clinging to the overturned canoe, screaming for help.

"You take the oars now, Ula," called Beth. "I'll need all my strength to pull her into the boat. With one skilful swing over the side Beth seized the struggling Ray, pulled her over into the boat;

and then fastened a rope to the canoe so that it could be towed.

Ray proved to be more frightened and humiliated than injured.

"I t-t-thought I k-k-knew how. I-I'm s-s-sorry," she moaned as Ula tried to find a dry place for her in the leaky boat.

The girls at last reached the shore with their dripping, repentant city girl. Mrs. Newton who had been anxiously waiting, had a warm bed ready, with a hot-water bottle. Soon they had the young adventurers safely nestled between dry sheets.

"Guess it's lucky I got up early to help make those chocolate doughnuts," observed Beth.

"Early to bed,

Early to rise,

Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

Makes a girl a —"

"A heroine," interrupted Ray's father, coming into the room and taking both girls heartily by the hand to express his gratitude for their brave act.

"I am proud to have for Ray's companions," he continued, "two wholesome sportswomen likes Beth and Ula. I have a proposition to make. I have some nieces in the city who need this country life just as much as Ray does. What do you say if I bring them here and we form a class in swimming, canoeing and tennis?"

The girls looked at each other with glowing eyes. Ula was the first to speak.

"Let's call it 'Camp Beth,'" she suggested. "Beth's a brick. She has never let anyone know how disappointed she was not to go to camp this summer."

"I never could have made the rescue without you, Ula."

"Camp Beth-Ula — That's a fine name!" exclaimed Mr. Millbank.

"One more syllable we need, Mr. Millbank," declared Beth, "I'm sure Ray is sorry and has learned her lesson. We'll include her in our name and call it 'CAMP BETH-ULA-RA.'"



Waiting

Out near the copper beech tree
I listen for the train
Whose whistle's sure to say to me
"Mother's home again!"

"When is she coming, larkspur?
When is she coming, phlox?"
The only flowers that answer
Are the yellow four o'clocks.

Jolly bouncing Bet says
"Let's hurry! We'll be late!"
But in the garden bed she stays
While I run to the gate.

Huldah M. Johnson.



Our Little Neighbor, Maria*

By M. Wilma Stubbs

TWO things Maria had wanted to know for a long time, — where some of her bird friends went when they left the village early in spring and about the old, old ruins people said were hidden away in the forest.

Maria was a little Indian girl in Mexico. The people with whom she had lived since her mother's death were kind to her in their way. They shared their tortillas (corn cakes) with her and made her feel that she was welcome in their home. Only they were poor, very poor, and had never gone to school. It did not occur to Maria to ask of them the questions she so much wanted to have answered, the questions about the ruins and the birds.

Then something wonderful happened. It wouldn't seem so wonderful to you, but to Maria and to many boys and girls in Mexico, it was like the opening of great new worlds. It was just going to school. But going to school down in Mexico isn't, hasn't been, the every-day matter it is to you. There have been many Indian villages down there without a school building or a teacher.

But now those having charge of school matters said that all Mexican children must have the chance to attend school. You see they knew that if Mexico was ever to become a free, strong, well-ordered nation and a good neighbor, her citizens must know how to use freedom wisely.

So this little Indian girl was given a chance to go to school. Eagerly she set about mastering the little black marks that told such magical things. There was a whole library of books in the new schoolhouse and she intended to be able to read them all.

At the school Maria and her playmates learned to love the great out-of-doors. They learned wonderful things about plants and flowers and the magical powers of the earth. "For, you see," the teacher told them, "Mother Nature, if you learn to work with her, will help you to independence. Love always the soil — it is full of life."

"Some of the birds go away late in the winter and early in the spring," said Maria one day. "We do not see them again till fall. What becomes of them? Where are they all summer?"

Then the teacher told these Mexican children about the great miracle of migration and of the broad lands to the north of their republic and especially of their neighbor across the border. Up there many of these birds would build homes and bring up bird babies. Let us hope that he was a wise teacher, too, and told them that these two nations ought to understand and be fair with

one another, good neighbors as are the birds of these neighbor countries. For that is the way we all ought to feel, isn't it?

Still there was the story of the ruins in the forest. And even more startling was the explanation the teacher gave Maria and her playmates.

"Once there were only Indians in Mexico. That was before the Spaniard crossed the ocean. Those ancestors of ours," the teacher continued, "knew how to build great cities with wonderful buildings of stone curiously carved. They



An Incident of War

By ELLA K. JELLIFFE

Many, many years ago,
When France and England were at war,

French privateers annoyed their foe
By haunting Britain's Channel shore.

There and then the Eddystone,
Rudyard's famous tower of light
Was slowly rising like a cone. . . .

A lighthouse on a dangerous site.

The builders, having watched their chance,
Were working hard while tides were right,

When suddenly those men of France
Swooped down upon them in their might.

Took them captive off to France
Where fourteenth Louis then was king;

But when he learned this circumstance,
He cried, "This is an evil thing!"

"With England I'm at war, I own,
But not with all humanity.
Take them back to Eddystone,
Give them gifts and set them free.

"Let them get to work again
And build that wondrous beacon light
To warn and guide all sailormen
Who wander lonely in the night!"

even knew how to make books, though they could not write in the way we do today. Some of the old ruins that have been found in the tropical forests of Mexico and Central America are very, very old. Perhaps there were cities in America — older than these ruins — but well-built cities still, when our Christ was a boy in Nazareth.

"The Aztecs, too, had a great civilization. Only their religion was stained with human sacrifice. They were a war-like folk and offered their prisoners of war in sacrifice to the gods. When the white man came, the Aztecs had farms and market gardens, marketplaces, hospitals, libraries and temples. The Zapotecs, too, had cities and temples rich in stone carving.

"But at last the Mexican Indians were conquered and people almost forgot about their great civilizations. The Spaniards made peons of the conquered and took the rewards of their work without giving them education — freedom — in return. But let us hope that day is gone forever. Everybody must work with everybody else, in Mexico, now."

And that is just what the whole world ought to do, isn't it? I am sure Maria will think so when she grows up. And that you will, too.

Columbine

By BETSEY SCOVILLE PROVOST

I wonder if the little child,
Who garden flowers loves,
Knows columbine — both tame and wild —

Is named for Roman doves?
Columba is the name I found
In brother's Latin book.
You'll find five doves all gathered round
The stem, if you will look.

The Baby Bees

By ALICE WETHERELL

In summer when the shrubs and plants
Are covered with bright flowers,
I drink the honey from their depth
For hours and hours and hours.

When I go past the pollen dust
I brush some on my hips,
For it will help to make a cake
If mixed with honey drips.

Once home, I make a honey cake,
On it, a ring of wax:
Inside this ring I lay my eggs.
In comfort nothing lacks.

Out of my eggs come baby bees,
All hungry for a meal.
They find their floor is sweet to taste,
And eat up a great deal.

You see it is not only you
Who have a birthday cake:
My little baby bees have one,
The honey one I make.

* Pronounced Ma-reé-a

THE BEACON CLUB

The Editor's Post Box

Dear Club Members:

I am passing on to you the request that is made in the first letter in our column. Will you help Margaret in her desire to carry out the purpose of our Club?

THE EDITOR.

CASTINE, ME.

Dear Editor: I am thirteen years old and in the eighth grade at school. I go to the Unitarian church in Castine. Our minister's name is Mr. Mueller and my Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. Clements.

I correspond with five girls through *The Beacon*: One in California, one in Vermont, and three in Massachusetts.

Do you know of any girls who are invalids, who are about twelve or thirteen and who would like to have me correspond with them? If you do, please send me their names and addresses.

I have been trying to write some stories, puzzles, and poems to send to the "Cub's Column."

Sincerely,

MARGARET E. HALL.

CARLISLE, MASS.

Dear Editor: I should like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear its pin. I go to the Unitarian church and Sunday school. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy reading it. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mr. Robbins. Our minister's name is Mr. Shurtleff. I am twelve years old and in the sixth grade.

Yours truly,

HAROLD HILTON.

Harold's brother Ralph, nine years old, also joins our Club.

9 CARVER ST.,
CALAIS, ME.

Dear Editor: I should like very much to belong to the Beacon Club. I belong to the Unitarian Sunday school. Our minister is Rev. Kenneth Gesner and my Sunday-school teacher is Miss Nancy Haycock.

Sincerely yours,

IRENE SPINNEY.

New members in Massachusetts are—Albert Walkley, Marblehead; Frances Carty and Doris Kent, North Andover; Jean Althea and Olive Hatch, Norwell; Elizabeth Strangman, Salem; Eugene Hultman, Quincy; Rosamond Patten, Sterling; Franklin Wilson, Wellesley.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Puzzlers

Spring and Happiness

BY LOUISE COOK (AGE 8)

Robins soon will build their nest,
On spring's happy loving breast;
Baby robins grow with care
And enjoy the sweet fresh air;
Children, too, will have the spring
And see the robins on the wing.
NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

Wrinkled Brown Toad

BY DAISY BROWN

Every boy who has a garden should have at least one wrinkled brown toad in it, for that old fellow is the best friend any gardener can find. And once you persuade a toad to live in your garden, you may be sure to see him there a long time, for toads live to be very old, and return to the same spot year after year.

Where toads live, cutworms disappear, so do moth caterpillars, rose bugs, worms, flies, and mosquitoes. Is not that service enough to make the toad a welcome visitor to your garden? And such an eater he is! It is said that every day a toad eats four times the capacity of his stomach. And, what is stranger still, he eats nothing but living, moving worms and insects: so, you see, Mr. Cutworm is often caught as he moves to the stems of your plants and vegetables.

The only dead thing a toad seems to eat is his own skin! He gets a new coat about four times a year. The old skin splits down the back and along his legs to the toes. As his old skin gives way, Mr. Toad begins to draw a little of it into his mouth. Gradually, the old covering slips forward, and soon with a gulp it is gone, and Mr. Toad in a bright, warty coat, goes back to your garden to gobble up any stray bug that may be doing damage.

Though the toad is warty himself, he does not make warts. He has to have a rough coat to protect himself from his enemies, creatures that might eat him, were it not that his warty coat gives off an acid secretion that is most unpleasant.

So, coax Mr Wrinkled Brown Toad to come to your garden, and you will be more than rewarded with the work of his swift tongue, for he will keep your plants and vegetables free of all insect pests.

Enigma

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 9, 6, 16 is part of the body.
My 7, 6, 8 is a body of water.
My 2, 6 is a personal pronoun.
My 17, 14, 15, 13, 10, 4 is a boy's nickname.
My 12, 10, 11 is a loud noise.
My 1, 3, 4 is something to ride in.
My 5, 8, 12 is a boy.
My *whole* is a famous flier.

JEAN ABERNATHY,
St. Paul, Minn.

Twisted States

- | | |
|--------------|---------------|
| 1. Amablaa. | 6. Nsiwsionc. |
| 2. Anldryma. | 7. Haut. |
| 3. Sskana. | 8. Etsax. |
| 4. Aansilou. | 9. Rvingiai. |
| 5. Ygniwm. | 10. Reongo. |

GLADYS MADAN, Age 11,
Eastondale, Mass.

Charade

My *first* is one who comes "in need"
And helps in thought, in word, in deed.
My *second* sails the "seven seas,"
Hard buffeted by many a breeze.
My *whole* is blest the world around,
'Mongst rich and poor—wherever found.
—Scattered Seeds.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 32

Twisted Names of Prominent Men.—

1. Edison. 2. Tilden. 3. Lindbergh.
4. Lloyd George. 5. Coolidge. 6. Tunney.
7. Hughes. 8. Dempsey. 9. Pershing.
10. Paderewski. 11. Dawes. 12. Mussolini.

Bible Riddles.—1. Gopher. 2. John.
3. Joash.

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